
Title: Classic Tales of Vesper, Volume 1

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'Tis an Honor to
present to Thee these
Tales collected from
Ages Past. In this
Inaugural Volume, we
present this Verse
oft Recited as a
Lullabye for sleepy
Children.

Preface
by Guilhem the
Scholar

The meaning of this
verse has oft been
discussed in halls of
scholarly sorts, for
its mysterious
singsongy melody is
oddly disturbing to
adult ears, though
children seem to find
it restful as they
sleep. Perhaps it is
but the remnant of a
longer ballad once
extant, for there are
internal indications
that it once told a
longer story about
ill-fated lovers, and a
magical experiment
gone awry. However,
poetic license and the
folk process has
distorted the words
until now the locale of
the tale is no more
than "in the wind,"
which while it serves
a pleasingly
metaphorical purpose,
fails to inform the
listener as to any real
locale!

Another possibility
is that this is some
form of creation
myth explaining the

genesis of the various humanoid creatures that roam the lands of Britannia. It does not take a stretch of the imagination to name the middle verse's "girl becomes tree" as a possible explanation for the reaper, for in the area surrounding Minoc, reapers are oft referred to among the lumberjacking community as "widowmakers." That these creatures are of arcane origin is assumed, but the verse seems to imply a long ago creator, and uses the antique magickal terminology of "plaiting strands of ether" that is so often found in ancient texts. In addition, the reference to "snakehills" may profitably be regarded as a reference to an actual location, such as perhaps a local term for the Serpent's Spine.

A commoner interpretation is that like many nursery rhymes, it is a simple explanation for death, wherein the wind snatches up boys and girls and when they sleep in order to keep the balance of the world. Notable tales have been written for children of adventures in "the Snakehills," which are presumed to be an Afterworld whence the spirit lives on. A grim lullabye, to be sure, but no worse than "lest I die before

I wake" surely.

In either case, 'tis
an old favorite,
herein printed for
the first time for
thy enjoyment and
perusal!

In the Wind where
the Balance

Is Whispered in
Hallways

In the Wind where
the Magic
Flows All through the
Night

There live Mages and
Mages

With Robes made of
Whole Days

Reading Books full of
Doings

Printed on Light

In the Wind where
the Lovers

Are Crossed under
Shadows

Where they Meet and
are Parted

By the Orders of
Fate

The Girl becomes
Tree,

And thus becomes
Widow

The Boy becomes
Earth

And Wanders Till
Late

In the Wind are the
Monsters

First Born First
Created

When Chanting and
Ether

Mix Meddling and
Nigh

Fear going to Wind,
Fear Finding its

Plaitings,

Go Not to the
Snakehills

Lest You Care to Die